

FOUR ODDITIES CULLED FROM THE NEWS OF SUNDAY.

SAGE'S PARROT AS WISE AS HE.

Advices Uncle Russell's Visitors What to Buy, What to Sell, to Make a Little Money.

Three years ago an admirer of Mr. Russell Sage presented to the veteran financier a young parrot, which had just been brought from South America. Mr. Sage modestly deprecated being made the recipient of such a gift.

"A parrot cannot work," he said, "and there is no income to be derived from it. I have to work hard myself, and I cannot afford to keep a parrot in idleness."

But Mr. Sage's admirer assured him that he would derive great entertainment from the intelligent bird's conversation, and would thus be amply compensated for its keep, which would cost very little. So the sage of Wall Street accepted the gift, and that same day a judicious bear operation netted him half a million dollars.

Delighted at the omen, he gave orders that the parrot should be fed with the best corn

—"to sell my stock when it was 150, and so did Mr. Gould," repeated Polly.

"Mr. Gould?" repeated Polly.

"Pierpont Morgan was the only one who did sell," continued Mr. Sage. "He traded his stock off for the old Northern Road, and then wanted to sell me Northern. But I

wouldn't invest money in stocks which don't pay 100 per cent."

"Tell 'em it ain't true," repeated Mr. Sage, as the inquisitive person arose to leave.

"What's the going down. It's all right! It's all right! It's all right!" Polly's parting greeting.

"It's like the driving of the spume in the Bay of Biscay," said Skipper Sheehy.

The two other members of the crew said nothing, for they had discovered that No. 4 could not possibly round the Battery in the teeth of the ebb tide. All at once the policeman at the tiller uttered a cry of terror.

"There's something the matter with this blamed machine," he said. "It won't work."

Sheehy seized the tiller, but No. 4's nose persisted in pointing toward Governor's Island.

"We will steer for you island," he remarked, resignedly.

Then some rocks jumped up on all sides and held her fast.

The crew stopped the leak with two pairs of handkerchiefs and a club, wrapped in a blanket. Then they wrapped a big bit of canvas round No. 4 and patched up the steering gear. With the next big wave they shoved her off, and they all reached port in safety.

"There's no life like a sailor's," said Sheehy yesterday.

MARINER SHEEHY'S BAD LUCK.

Tangled in His Sea Talk, Also in the Steering Gear, He Grounds His Police Launch.

"Y'heave ho, there! Port yer binnae hatchway! Jam yer helm down hard on the lee scuppers! Steady's the word—st-e-a-d-y!"

Patrolman Sheehy was speaking. He is the skipper bold of No. 4, and as daredevil a seadog as ever drank bilge water.

When the Police Board paid \$1,700 apiece for four new naphtha launches for the use of the Harbor Police nobody rejoiced so much as Mariner Sheehy. He was put in command of No. 4.

No. 4 slithered away from her pier yesterday and cut a streak in the East River. Her engine gave forth a cheerful murmur.

"It's like the tea kettle singing on the gas stove," said Policeman Burke, whose tastes are domestic.



CONEY ISLANDERS ALL FISHING.

Big Schools of Cod Are Feeding Near the Shore and Great Catches Are the Rule.

Coney Islanders expect to live on codfish balls this winter and drink cod liver oil, instead of Bowery whiskey, diluted with salt water.

The whole population was catching codfish yesterday.

The fish arrived a few days ago in a great school. They gambolled in the water close to the shore and when the first one was caught there was a town meeting.

Dick Morris, a fisherman of seventy years' experience, declared it was a cod. The man who caught it said there were lots more off shore and everybody went fishing.

Minnie Van Vleet, a belle of the Bowery, caught a basketful with a bent pin. Many of the fishermen used scuppers that is, a blue a thousand or more feet long, with hooks fastened every two feet. The fisherman pulls up one hook after the other, and is kept busy dumping the cod in his basket.

Frank Gerard claims he caught a ton in this way in one day.

Policemen Voorhis, Roth, Kohn and Kieran, of the Bath Beach Precinct, claim to have caught the biggest fish in the run—twenty-five pounds. Roth captured a twenty-pounder, Jack Van Wart, of Gravesend, caught 100 with a single hook and line yesterday and claims the championship.

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In the market, when crops were good, and should have a soda cracker every Sunday morning. On the morning after Mr. McKinley's election two crackers were given to Polly.

The bird is exceedingly grateful for so much kindness, and strives to please its master by learning and repeating the gems of wisdom that fall from his mouth.

An inquisitive individual who tries to find out things for newspapers was talking to Mr. Sage, in the presence of the parrot, yesterday.

"Is it true," asked this person, "that the Manhattan Elevated Company?"

"Manhattan stock's O. K.," said Polly, and Mr. Sage chuckled.

"That the Manhattan Company is to be consolidated with the Metropolitan Traction Company?"

Polly cocked her head to one side and listened for her master's answer.

"Taint true," said Mr. Sage. "I refused to sell."

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SAD END TO THEIR ELOPEMENT.

Pasquale Went Back to Julia's Home to Get Her Other Clothes and Was Hauled Off to Jail.

Pasquale is a humble seller of fruit and flowers, while Julia Morelli is one of the prettiest girls in Mulberry street and is descended from a proud and haughty, if somewhat reduced, family of Italy.

Pasquale, poor and lowly, loved the fair and aristocratic Julia. Mamma Maria was proud and cold. So the young people eloped. They eloped for keeps, too—clear up to No. 529 East One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, which is a terrible distance from Mulberry street.

For three days the young people waited for a message of forgiveness.

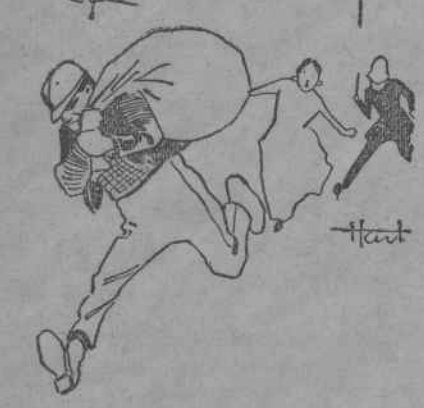
But that message was like a certain letter.

Then fair Julia told Pasquale he must go back home for her other clothes.

He went, but Mamma Maria refused, and Pasquale retired. He lurked around till he saw Mamma Maria go out. Then he entered the Morelli mansion to get the clothes.

Mamma Morelli hadn't gone far. She returned and gave prompt pursuit. Pasquale was caught by Officer Conroy, of the Elizabeth Street Station, and hauled off to jail.

He was arraigned in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday morning, and the fair Julia came to plead with the Judge. The Magistrate held Pasquale for examination to-day.



A NERVE FROM A DOG IN A MAN'S WRIST.

Remarkable Operation Performed Upon a Partially Paralyzed Person.

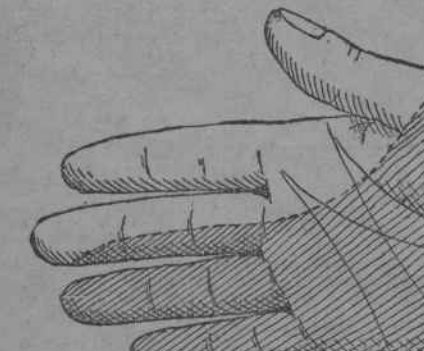
The Sufferer's Hand Becomes Numb After He Has Been Cut by a Saw.

Patient and Animal Are Anesthetized, Placed Upon a Table and the Median Nerves Exposed.

TRANSPLANTING IS ACCOMPLISHED.

The Dog's Sciatic Nerve Is Attached to the Nerve in the Man's Wrist, Fastened by Silk Sutures, and a Complete Cure Results.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 8.—The sciatic nerve of a dog has been transplanted to the wrist of a man in a hospital in this city with excellent results. The absolute



Surgeons Transplant a Dog's Nerve to a Paralytic's Wrist.

The sufferer's hand had been rendered almost useless by a severe cut. To restore sensation his wrist was laid open, and to one of his nerves the healthy sciatic nerve of a dog was attached. Complete success resulted.

given eight grains of morphine to bring about a merciful end.

The case will be fully reported in the medical and scientific journals of the country by the physicians interested. Dr. Peterson is preparing an exhaustive treatise upon it. He anticipates in his discovery the remedy for many cases of partial paralysis. In this city, the furniture center of the world perhaps, there are many machine workers who have received injuries similar to that of Mr. Graybiel, and further experiments will be made at once for the purpose of determining how far the transplanting operation may be carried with success.

Young Powers Is Sane Again.

Owensboro, Ky., Nov. 8.—A. B. Powers, the young Kentuckian who so mysteriously disappeared from Chicago while conducting the Cuban relief corps some time ago, and who was finally found in a badly deranged condition at Humboldt, Tenn., suddenly became possessed of his mental faculties last night at his home here. Physicians believe that Powers's return to reason will be permanent.

Operation Decided Upon.

Mr. Graybiel was brought to this city for treatment, and it was decided to operate

GEN. TORRENCE'S SON MAY NOW APPEAR.

He Exists, to Chicago's Surprise, Although His Whereabouts Is Unknown.

The General Was Married and Divorced When a Very Young Man.

It Was Generally Supposed That Mrs. Kinsley Magoun Was the Rich Man's Only Child.

HER CLAIMS MAY BE CONTESTED.

A Brother Slighted by the Will Is Searching for the Missing Heir, Who Is Supposed to Be a Railway Conductor in the West.

Chicago, Nov. 8.—When Kingsley Magoun, New York club man, married Miss Jessie Norton Torrence, two years ago, his friends congratulated him on the prize he had won. Miss Torrence was not only a pretty and talented young woman, but she was supposed to be sole heiress to from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. So far as Miss Torrence knew, and for that matter, so far as any of her family acquaintances knew, she was the only child of General Joseph T. Torrence. Her father idolized her, and no one had any doubts of her inheriting all of his wealth. However, there have been several surprises since the time Kingsley Magoun married Jessie Torrence, heiress, and all have become public during the last fortnight.

When General Torrence died on November 2 the Chicago newspapers, without exception, announced that he had left a fortune reaching into the millions. The lowest estimate was \$2,000,000, and the highest \$10,000,000. Every one here was aware that he owned one of the finest houses in the city, a splendid stable and a fine yacht on the Great Lakes. Hence the common report that he was worth from \$2,000,000 to \$10,000,000 was generally credited.

Down to \$650,000.

The first surprise came last Thursday, when the General's will was filed for probate. Instead of leaving property worth millions his entire estate was scheduled at \$650,000, of which \$400,000 was put down as personal property and \$250,000 as real. The publication of these facts caused no end of surprise and talk. The one question was, "Where has the Torrence fortune gone?" One reply was that a very low valuation had been placed upon the estate to circumvent the inheritance tax; another that the General had decided to his daughter, Mrs. Magoun, a large share of his property, including his home on Long Island, shortly after her marriage. Neither of these answers was wholly satisfactory, but in lieu of nothing better they were accepted. Another explanation was the immense sums of money represented in the Torrence home on the Lake Shore drive,

which represented an outlay of at least \$1,000,000.

The second surprise, which did not come until yesterday, is quite as remarkable as the first. As was telegraphed to the Journal, it has been found that General Torrence had another child, a son by a former wife, who will, when found, lay claim to the Torrence estate and attempt to decrease it still further. If rumor be true this son's name is David Tod Torrence, and he is said to be a conductor on some Western railroad. His present residence is unknown, but relatives of General Torrence—a brother among others—who were left only \$1,000, are looking for him, and will continue the search until they find him. This brother, Frank Torrence, of Belmont, Ill., came to Chicago last Thursday, and was present at the reading of the will. No sooner had it been filed than he took a train for Youngstown, O. For what purpose his other relatives knew not until last night, when a telegram received from Youngstown, announcing the discovery that a son of the General existed. With it came the romantic story of General Torrence's early life.